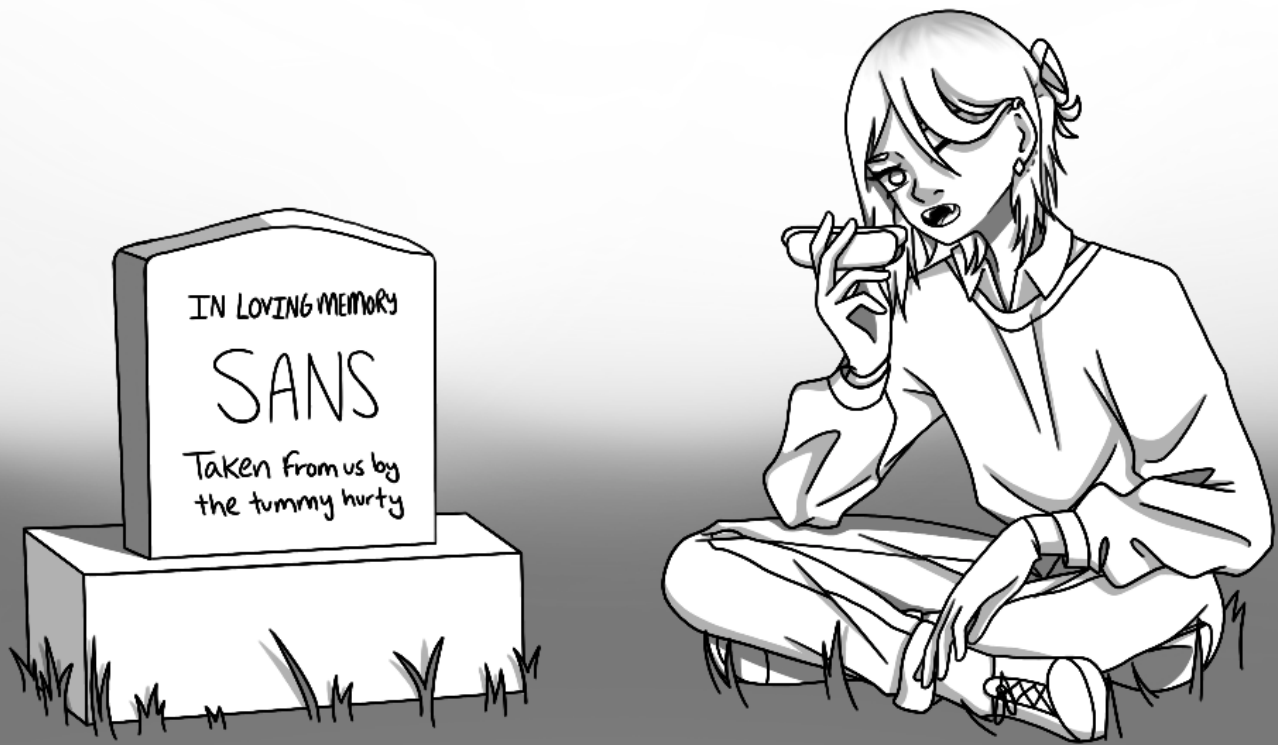


# THE MEN

Volume 58, Issue 4

3/28/2023



oops!! all

cringe :3

IN THIS ISSUE...

Speak:

Orientation Logo Contest... [p.4](#)

20,000 Leagues... [p.5](#)

Poems from Clay... [p.6](#)

Cringe:

The Triumphant Return of Jim x Dwight... [p.7](#)

Sherlock Holmes In: Hat Man Hijinks... [p.10](#)

Maximum Ride Cringe... [p.14](#)

Memes of Scoobdookie... [p.15](#)

december darling... [p.17](#)

A List of Suggested Romantic Endeavors... [p.20](#)

catholic guilt... [p.22](#)

Dangers of Non-Authentic Representation... [p.23](#)

Toop Ten Reasoons I Shoould Be A Sea Slug... [p.27](#)

BASED:

Teddy’s Two Anecdotes about Hugs and Titles... [p.28](#)

the most based event of the year: HampHack... [p.29](#)

I am not “cringe”. Boycott Spotify... [p.30](#)

Lies:

Excerpts from the diary of Lucas Brisbois... [p.32](#)

Staff Box: (In order of appearance)

Alice: Alexander Hamilton

Nicholas: Jon (Garfield)

willow: mettaton ex

J: GLaDOS

Sean:

Mia: Just Ed

Lucas: The concept of time

Z:

Clay: The girl from Bridge to Terabithia

María: The Queen of Trash

Leo: my wibfe:)

Jordan: the cricket from the newest pinocchio movie

Jay: Leo’s wife (on their behalf)

Zipper:

Front Cover: Leo Zhang (lettering by Jay Poggi)

Back Cover: J.E. Cramer

Submissions are due always, constantly, so submit forever. You can submit in any format (no PDFs please) by CD, Flash Drive, singing telegram, carrier pigeon, paper airplane, Fed-Ex, Pony Express, or email. Get your submissions to omen@hampshire.edu, the Omen Office, Leo’s mailbox (1593), or Jay’s mailbox (0370).

Policy

The Omen is an every-other-week-ly publica- tion that is the world’s only example of the con- sistent application of a straightforward policy: we publish all signed submissions from members of the Hampshire community that break neither the law nor the Hampshire College Student Hand- book. Send your impassioned yet poorly-thought- out rants, self-insertion fanfiction, MS Paint com- ics, and whiny emo poetry to omen@hampshire. edu; we’ll publish it all, and we’re happy to do it. The Omen is about giving you a voice, no matter how little you deserve it. Since its founding in De- cember of 1992 by Stephanie Cole, the Omen has hardly ever missed an issue, making it Hampshire’s longest-running publication.

Your Omen submission (you’re submitting right now, right?) might not be edited, and we can’t promise any spellchecking either, so any hor- rendous mistakes are your fault, not ours. We do promise not to insert comical spelling mistakes in submissions to make you look foolish.

Your submission must include the name you use around campus: an open forum comes with a responsibility to take ownership of your views. Views expressed in the Omen do not necessarily re- flect the views of the Omen editor, the Omen staff, or anyone, anywhere, living or dead.

The Omen staff consists of whoever shows up for Omen layout, which take place every other Fri- day at 7:00 p.m. in the basement of Merrill A. You should come and answer the staff box question. We don’t bite. You can find the Omen every other Mon- day in Saga, the post office, online at expelallo.men, and just about any other place we can find to put it.

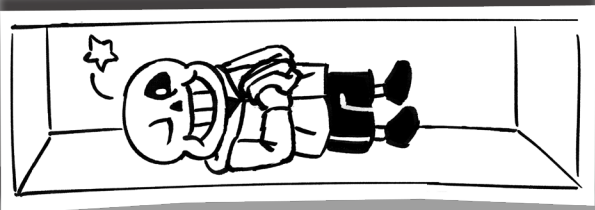
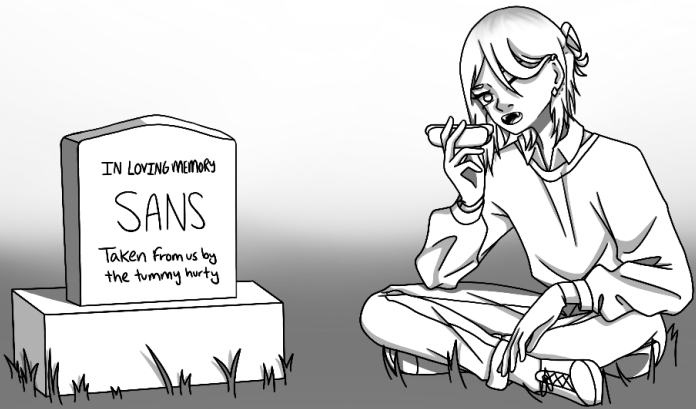
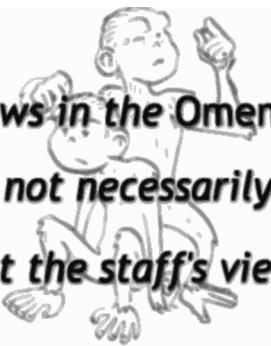
Find all issues here!



Views in the Omen (5)

Do not necessarily (7)

Reflect the staff's views (5)



# SECTION SPEAK

## Submit a Design for the Fall 2023 New & Transfer Student Orientation Logo Contest!

by Zauyah Waite

**“Look closely at the present you are constructing: it should look like the future you are dreaming.” - Alice Walker**

Based on the Alice Walker quote above, design a logo for Fall 2023 New and Transfer Student Orientation. The incoming class of Fall 2023 will select the winning design. The logo will be used in a variety of orientation materials.

The winner will receive a \$100 stipend and BRAGGING RIGHTS!!!

Email submissions to [deanofstudents@hampshire.edu](mailto:deanofstudents@hampshire.edu)

Deadline: Monday, April 24th at Noon 🐑

Come see Hampshire College Theater’s  
Production of

## 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea

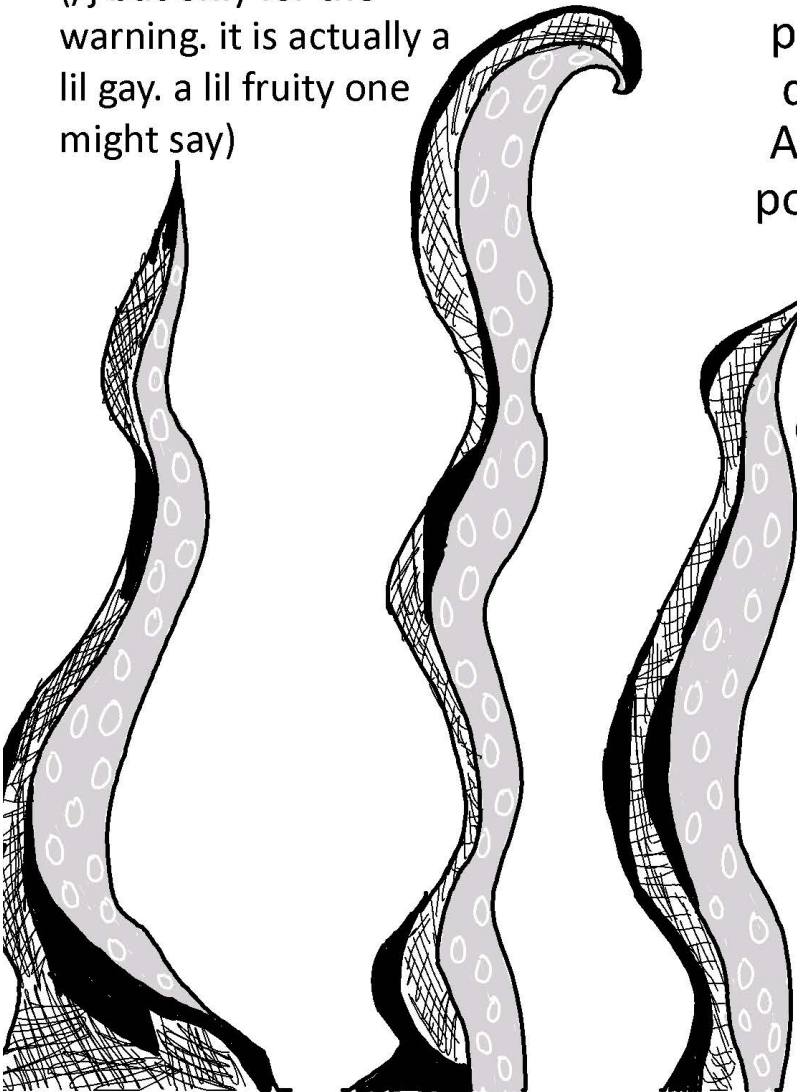
content warnings for:  
violence, war, arson,  
natural disasters,  
kidnapping, loud  
noises, homoeroticism  
(/j but only for the  
warning. it is actually a  
lil gay. a lil fruity one  
might say)

we open April 6<sup>th</sup> and have  
shows in the evening through  
the 9<sup>th</sup>! look for tickets on the  
Daily Digest and on posters  
around campus! (I would have  
put the QR code on here but I  
don’t know if I’m allowed to.  
Also I couldn’t find the official  
poster in time so you’re getting  
this.)

please come see the show it is  
going to be very awesome and  
cool and fun. who knows maybe  
I’ll give you a small consensual  
kiss on the forehead for coming.  
who knows.

sincerely,

Malfoy Kimmel, dramaturg and  
actor for Captain Nemo





Coherent End  
by Clay Kesling

The fuel we give each other is within its rights to exist in a world like this  
A world toiled with so much death and sadness  
A world aching and longing for some semblance of understanding  
A world so deep into the unknown we cannot fathom the truth  
Our ancestral plane of existence does not cease to exist as consciousness slips into the abyss  
The abyss, an eater of all freedoms and dreams  
The abyss takes your personhood and crumbles it  
The darkness within seeps out and into the blossoming flowers of life  
Turning vibrant colors to dark withered shells of themselves  
A place where life is non-existent  
A place where the sun burns cold  
Dark vs Light but you can't see

**The poem(dystopia-utopia) is meant to be read from top to bottom and from bottom to top. Find your own interpretation of what is going on.**  
**Read all the way down then all the way up. An example of how one line is read in both ways: Lonesome in long pathways- Pathways long in lonesome.**

dystopia-utopia  
by Clay Kesling

Lonesome in long pathways.  
Meandering barren roads.  
Lost. Alone. Collapsing reality.  
Worlds. Mind-bending encounters.  
Perception ever-shifting. My in.  
Outlets, twisted, forked into alternating routes.  
Whirled truths bridging constantly.  
Utopia. life in death. Dystopia.  
Abandoned lives. Past's uprooted.  
Remnants of pasts long forgotten.  
Once, at metropolis, at societies of transposing truths.  
Hope. Rebuilding. Roots growing. 🐑

Section

CRINGE

NSFW CONTENT!  


Jim x Dwight Part 3  
by Flynn

Jim sat at his desk clicking his pen, looking at the time on his work computer: only 3:25p.m. He hadn't been able to talk to Dwight, ever since the events that went down. It wasn't so much that he was grappling with the fact that he might be a queer, but because it was *Dwight*. The man he's been pulling pranks on since the day they ended up working in the same office. For *years* he couldn't stand Dwight, for years he and Pam teamed up against him. Now, he slept with him twice and both times felt too good to ignore. At times his mind would drift back to those moments, moments of nothing but pleasure from the person he couldn't stand most in the world.

However, Jim couldn't keep avoiding Dwight forever. He had already called in three time sin a row, not that Micheal was keeping track, and he had to get back to making sales. He just felt overwhelmed by all of it and needed to clear his head. That was hard when the man he slept with *twice* was sitting right across from him. To make it worse Pam couldn't understand why Jim wasn't being himself. Why wasn't he pranking Dwight? Jim was also wondering that. Maybe if he did they could go back to their own sit-com like dynamic, but what if he didn't want to go back to that.

Jim was snapped out of this thoughts when he heard Dwight call his name. It didn't seem like it was the first time Dwight had called Jim either.

"Jim. Jim. Jim-" Dwight was cut off by Jim.

"Dwight what?" Jim came off more annoyed than he actually was because wasn't annoyed at all.

"Your phone was ringing, you missed a call," Dwight stated bluntly, "What were you even thinking about?"

Jim chewed on the inside of this cheek a little, embarrassed to say the real reason. Well, it's not like he could even tell him the real reason at work anyways. Everyone would know about it before Jims sentence even ends. He also didn't want to hurt Pam that way. They weren't official but they definitely have been making their way towards that.

Jim let out a sigh, "Nothing. I'm just bored, ya know? Wishing I wasn't at work," the last part was true but only because he did not want to be in the current situation.

"Yeah? Really, that's the only reason?" Dwight questioned. Jim couldn't figure out if Dwight was egging him on or not.

"Yes," Jim hummed as he finally stopped clicking the pen in his hand. He was so unself-aware that he had forgotten he was doing it.

"Okay," Dwight nodded, "I'm going to go get a snack," Dwight stood up walking into the break room.

Jim debated on if he should follow Dwight or not. He was genuinely conflicted with his options. But, after a moment of jut sitting there, he decided to get up and follow Dwight. He pushed his desked chair in glancing around the room. Not a single person even looking up from their desk. Jims eyes

landed on Pam who looked up and gave him a small wave before returning to her work. Jim let out a soft breath before walking into the break room.

Dwight smiled looking at Jim as he walked in. He was sitting in one of the chairs as he took Jim in for a moment. Jim still uncertain with what to do. The silence in the room getting heavier and heavier as if ten more pounds of gravity was being added on top of them with each breath. Jim just turned to the vending machine pulling out a dollar and putting it in the machine pressing the buttons to get a soda.

“Are you seriously not going to talk to me? I knew you were childish but didn’t think you were *this* childish,” Dwight hummed.

“Will you shut up,” Jim groaned reaching down to grab his soda from the machine, “I just don’t want to talk about it.”

Dwight shook his head, “That’s not true because if it was you wouldn’t have followed me into here. Or were you expecting me to rail you as youre pressed up against the vending machine, *again*.”

Jim stayed silent glancing away from Dwight. He did have a point, if he didn’t want to talk about it why did he follow Dwight? Jim scrunched his face for a second still looking for the correct thing to say but he couldn’t find them.

“Exactly,” Dwight smirked, “So what do you want Jim?”

Jim exhaled not realizing he was holding in his breath, “I don’t know Dwight. I really don’t know.”

“Do you regret what happened?” Dwight asked softening his smugness slightly.

“No, I don’t, I just don’t know what to do now. I don’t know if this is something that I want to never happen again or never end,” Jim admitted finally looking Dwight in the eyes, “I don’t know what to do with us, if there even is an us.”

“There could be an us if you wanted there to be,” Dwight shifted in the chair. “Just tell me if that is what you want.”

Jim shrugged shakin ghis head, “I don’t know.”

Dwight nodded standing up and walking over to Jim, “You don’t have to know then. But when you do, I’ll be fine either way.”

“Really?” Jim asked. He didn’t expect this outcome, not that he was actually picturing any outcome. He was planning on avoiding it unless, well something like this happened.

“I mean, yeah,” Dwigth hummed, “What else can I do?”

Jim had a wave of relief washed over him followed by another feeling. For some reason he now felt safe and secure about what had happened between them. The feeling of worry, that had been living in the pit of his stomach since he left Dwight farm, had left.

Jim nodded moving slightly closer to Dwight, “Can I ask you what you want though?”

The smirk returned to Dwight face, “But not just in the sexual way. I want you. I want us.”

Jim leaned in, “Me? Us? Since when?”

“For around a year. I realized you and I were compatical mates given how equally we are match when it comes to our intellect. You and me constantly make the top sale. You push me to do better, to be the best that I can be because I want to out do you. Yet, you always win. I don’t even think you try as hard as I do and I admire that. And of course the pranks and jokes you pull. No matter how annoying and infuriating they are, the look on your face when you plan works. Seeing that look on your face makes me not care. That’s why I want an us,” Dwight finished his eyes scanning over Jims face, “And I kno I might not get an us later, but can I kiss you to get one last feeling of what us could’ve felt like?”

Jim nodded leaning in all the way so their lips could connect. Dwight wrapped an arm around Jims wait pulling him closer. Jim brought one hand to Dwight face as he deepened the kiss. Jims lips parted to allow Dwights tongue to enter and roam his mouth. Dwight didn’t hesitate to slip his tongue

into Jims mouth causing Jim to let out a light moan.

Dwight reached out to the blinds with his free hand to close them. His hand then moving to squeeze Jims ass. This caused Jim to break the kiss so he could let out a soft, but much needed ,moan. Dwight moved his lips to Jims jawline sucking softly making sure not to leave a mark.

“Tell me if you want me to stop,” Dwight mumbled, nipping at Jims neck.

“Keep going,” Jim tilted his head back, “Please.”

Dwight nodded, his hands roaming over Jims body before one landed on his clothes cock. He put a small amout of pressure as he started rubbing his hand against it. Jim bit his lip harshly to stop him from moaning. His breathing started becoming uneven as his cock grew in size. Bcoming harder than any beet that has ever grown in Dwights farm.

“You’re so easy for me,” Dwight chuckled nipping softly at his skin, “I’m so lucky,” he said as he slipped his hand into Jims pants and boxers. He rubbed his finger over the tip before wrapping his hand around Jims throbbing dick.

“Fuck, Dwight,” Jim moaned quietly.

Dwight started pumping Jims beet rod slowly, “No, you know what to call me,” he tssed.

“Sorry, beet daddy,” Jim groaned thrusting into Dwights hand. “I just need you.”

Dwight moved so he was kissing Jim again to help keep him silent. His hand moving faster as he felt Jims body shake due to the pleasure Dwight was causing. His thumb pressing against the prominent vien on his cock as he moved his hand up and down. Jim gripped Dwights shirt tightly just needing something to hold.

Jim pressed against Dwight more as his sticky white man juice squirted out. He couldn’t help but let out a loud groan from the back of his throat. He was still holding on to Dwights shirt as he comes down from his climax. He broke the kiss to look at Dwight.

“I think I want an us, too,” Jim let out softly before kissing him softly one last time.

Authors Note:

Im sorry (: but if you enjoyed follow me @s.a.d.inumaki or spam @l.e.n.n.y.thellama why? Because why not? I hope you enjoyed especially if you were here for parts 1 and 2 last year. This is probably the last part. I actually wrote the first part the summer before my sophomore year in high school and my second part freshman year of Hampshire. I don’t proofread my work bc it physically hurts. I just hope none of my professors reads this

With Peace and Love,

Beet Daddy <3 

# The Hat & The Benadryls: A Newly Authorized Sherlock Holmes Story

by J. E. Cramer; foreward by J. E. Cramer

On January 1st, 2023, the last of Arthur Conan Doyle’s works featuring the great detective Sherlock Holmes finally entered the public domain (AP, 2022), meaning that he and his loyal sidekick/roommate/purported lover Dr. Watson can now appear in publicly released media without permission from or payment to the Doyle estate. On January 2nd, 2023, I set to work on my first addition to the Sherlock Holmes canon, though admittedly it looked very different from the study in scarlet you see before you. It was a heartfelt but gritty epic with more twists and turns than a duck’s doorknob, featuring a companion concept album, Bram Stoker’s famed vampire Count Dracula, and my first serious forays into ergodic literature, but despite all that, something was still missing from my Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson; something to make them human rather than just obsessive pen sketches of humanity, something to draw Holmes out of the haze that obscured and damn near consumed him, something to refine Watson into anything more than his stacks of paper and stakes of hardwood.

And then came the first-ever *Cringe Issue* of *The Omen*, and suddenly everything was clearer than a crocodile icefish’s blood (Sidell & O’Brien, 2006). What I needed couldn’t be found in joining the Sherlock Holmes Society of London or eating a print copy of *The Sign of Four*, one page every night; all I had to do to successfully bring Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson to life in today’s fast-paced world was have them take forty Benadryl apiece, discuss the nature of their relationship, and perform unmentionable acts (omitted here for the sake of some measure of brevity, but I will mention to you these unmentionable acts in writing for a nominal fee of \$2.50 paid to paypal.me/newsprintfray), with the Hat Man (the man you see once you’ve taken forty Benadryl) (MSN, 2022).

-J.C.

“Hey Sherlock Holmes, what *are* we?” Dr. John Watson asked from on the floor where he was sitting because that’s where Sherlock Homes made him sit every night but Monday despite the fact that there were three other chairs in the living room.

“What?” asked Sherlcok Holmes from on a chair.

Watson looked down at his feet. He would have picked idly at the carpet had their landlady been the type to carpet the living room and had he been the type to pick at anything beside his fingernails, which had already been picked at to the point of discomfort.

“I am Sherlock Holmes the detective and you are Doctor Watson, and we solve crimes for the people of Great Britain.” Sherlock Homes said.

“Are we anything else?” Dr. John Watson almost pleaded, sitting on the floor of the apartment he and Sherlock Holmes shared.

“We have been to New Jersey once to solve an embezzlement,” Sherkcolk Holmes replied.

Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson had solved the embezzlement in New Jersey by having Doctor Watson sneak into the place where the money records that would reveal the embezzling were kept, while Sherlock Holmes went out for a tour of the entire state of New Jersey with the embezzler partially to distract the embezzler but also to wring a confession to the embezzlement out of him. Dr. John Watson had found himself strangely jealous of the embezzler. And all the while, Sherlonk had insisted

on stopping at telephone booths throughout the state of New Jersey, supposedly to call his wife, but actually he was contacting Doctor Watson as to the embezzlement information that Dr. Watsion had been discovering. Hearing Sherlock Hommes call him “honey bunny” and “molasses rat” and “sugar Old World porcupine (Britannica, 2016)” and “maple syrup New World porcupine (Britannica, 2016)” helped assuage Watson’s jealousy, but the feelings it stirred up instead frightened him to no end.

“New Jersey!” Doctor Watson sputtered, “What *about* New Jersey—and what about that time at the Beehive, out in Belgravia? And again, at the Anchor? And the Red Lion in Chelsea? And the Red Lion in Soho? And the Red Lion in Cardigan? And the other time at the Red Lion in Cardigan? And the third time at the Red Lion in Cardigan (PubNames, 2019)? And in the stairwell at Buckingham Palace when we had twenty minutes to ourselves? And in your office on top of the desk? And just two Mondays ago, in one of the two chairs in our living room?”

Sherlick Holmes and Dr. Watson had known one another intimately some ten times—once at a musty old public house in Belgravia called the Beehive, once at a tavern formerly called the Anchor and now known as the Red Lion, once at the Red Lion, once at the Red Lion, three times at the Red Lion (PubNames, 2019), once in the stairwell at Buckingham Palace during a lull while solving the blackmail of a member of the royal family, once in Sherlock Holmes’s office on top of Sherlock Holmes’s desk, and one night in the living room when Watson had been permitted to use one of the chairs there—and yet they had never discussed what this meant as to the dynamic between them; whether they were still only roommates and fond colleagues, or if Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson harbored anything beyond circumstantial attraction to one another. That is, until now.

In a huff, Doctor Watosn stood up with great difficulty. Sherlock Holmes stood up with only slightly less difficulty.

“Surely there’s a better time for us to discuss this than five minutes after we’ve each consumed forty Benadryls?” Sherlock Holes said.

“What better time could there be?” replied the Hat Man.

“holy fuck it’s the Hat Man” shouted Dr. Watson, and in his shock he toppled over into the waiting, surprisingly strong arms of the Hat Man himself.

“Ha ha ha,” the Hat Man laughed, “What seems to be the problem between you two?”

“I wish I knew,” sighed Doctor Watson, gazing longingly at Surelock Holmes even as he relaxed into the Hat Man’s firm but gentle grip.

Sherklock thought for a moment. He was thinking harder than had ever thought before. He felt nervous; more nervous than he had ever felt (Steinemann et al., 2022) before, but in a good way. He had been fond of Doctor Watson since the day they met, and he had grown even more so since that day at the Beehive out in Belgravia, the time at the Anchor (now known as the Red Lion), that night at the Red Lion, that evening at the Red Lion, those three times at the Red Lion (PubNames, 2019), their twenty unmonitored minutes in the stairwell at Buckingham Palace, the time in Sherlock Holmes’s office on top of Sherlock Holmes’s desk, and that one night in the living room in one of the chairs there, but he was Shercvgh Holmes, the world’s greatest detective, a man of cold reason and steely-eyed deduction, and Dr. Swatson was a quiet wash of sunlight on the dreariest of London mornings—and London mornings were quite frequently dreary as all shit (Meteorological Office, 2007). Doctor Wangsotn was patient and earnest, and his skill at observation was second only to Sherlink Hommes’s own—dozens of times now, he would have been dead in the water—or even just dead—had he not had the help of one Dr. John Watosn. Sjelrocj Holmes solved murders, but Doctor Wanston saved lives. Moreover, Doctor Eaoston was a loving and attentive housemate and even-more-over a very handsome man. Dr. Watson deserved someone steadier, warmer, and infinitely kinder than Shamrock Hlomes and all his straight-razor edges could ever be.



After thinking for a moment, Sherlock Homles told him so. His dark eyes were shiny in the dim light of the apartment he shared with Doctor Watson.

“Sherlock,” Dr. Watson replied, idly running one finger up and down the considerable length of the Hat Man’s upper arm, “I have a medical degree and moreover I was in the British army during the Second Afghan War (Britannica, 2022). Far worse things have happened to me than the fact that you only let me sit on the chairs in the apartment we share on Monday nights.”

The Hat Man gently squeezed Doctor Wasnts’s waist.

“But if you don’t start showing you appreciate me as much as you say you do,” Dr. Watson said, “I can find at least one other person here who will.”

“Only until the Benadryl wears off, yeah?” the Hat Man reminded him, looking Watson languidly up and down with what could only be generously considered eyes. Doctor Jhon Watson grinned.

Something sour turned within Sherlock Holmes, though he was still more curious than jealous seeing the display before him; more indignation at not being involved than any objection to how taken Watson seemed with the Hat Man. The forty Benadryl had begun to tug at the corners of Hserlock’s mind, no less gently than Watson himself now curled his fingers into the headache-grey haze of what passed for the Hat Man’s lapels, and all Sherlonk could think was how much he’d like to join them, if they’d only let him. He stared pointedly, staidly out the window beside him into the dusk and smog. Fabric rustled. Shurelock gritted his teeth. Wstson gasped.

“I do,” Sherlocc said, and at once you could have heard a bird taking off from the roof because it was very silent in the living room Sherlock Holmes and Doctor Watson shared now. “Appreciate you, that is.”

“Prove it,” said Qwrtason breathlessly.

“Can I?” Sherlock asked, stunned at Dr. Watson’s sudden boldness.

“He just said you could,” the Hat Man said, “And you know, I’d like you to come over here so I can show you a little appreciation myself.”

And so Shermlock Homes, the world’s greatest detective, did.

~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~

And as the last of the Hat Man’s especially sensual form faded from view, Sherlock Hommes pulled Dr. Watson in closer to him.


“Still, what are we?” Watson asked sleepily, leaning into Sherkflock Jolmes’s chest, “The Hat Man helped us understand a lot more about each other—in more ways than one, we went out for a lovely late dinner at the Red Lion, we authored a telegram to your parents together, we and the Hat Man were involved in a police chase, I told you that I loved you for the first time that you heard, and you admitted you loved me too, so are we in an established romantic and sexual relationship now?”

“Would you like to be in an established romantic and sexual relationship with me?” Sherlock Hmol;es asked. He kissed the top of Doctor Watosn’s head.

“I absolutely would,” Dr. Waosnt replied.

“I would too.”

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# Maximum Ride Cringe

by Max/Zipper Browne

Artist’s Statement:

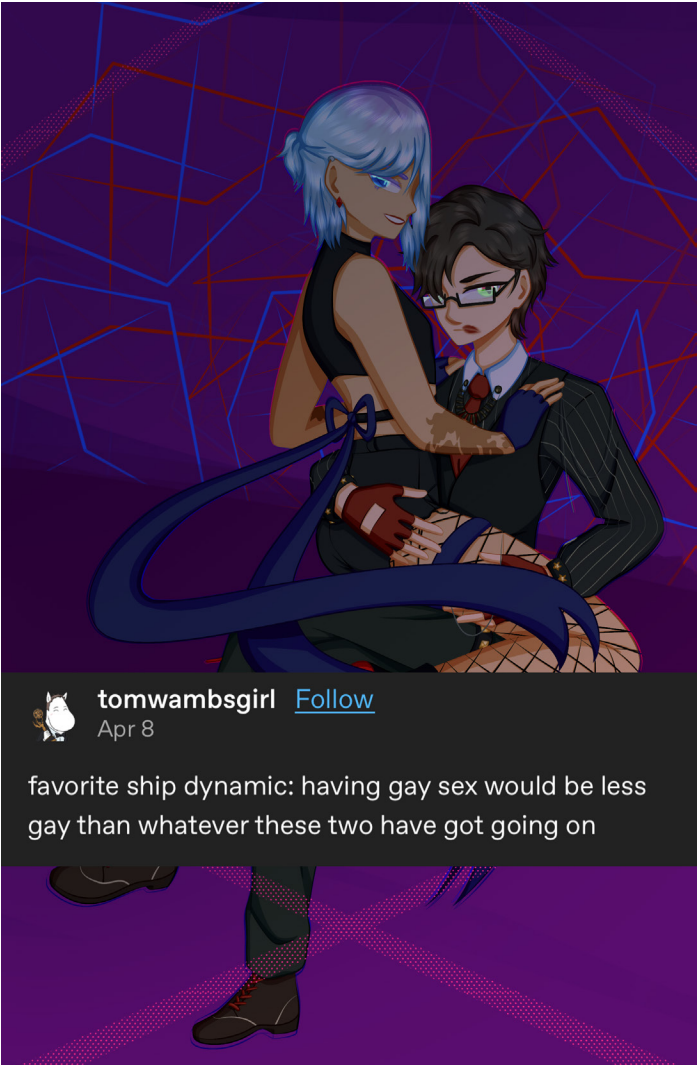
This is Jeb Batchelder and Fang Maximumride from the Maximum Ride manga. Fang deserves a flower crown, but wouldn’t actually want one. Jeb doesn’t deserve a flower crown, due to the atrocities, but I gave him one anyway. These edits are dedicated to all the Jeb stans out there (the backbone of this fandom), and to the manga artist for giving Fang long hair (the only good character design decision that was made; I will die on this hill).



# Memes of Scoobdookie to Make You Go, “What the Fuck is Wrong with this Guy?”

by Leo Zhang

(compiled and named at their request by Jay Poggi [and slihgly renamed by Leo again])



tomwambsgirl [Follow](#)  
Apr 8  
favorite ship dynamic: having gay sex would be less gay than whatever these two have got going on

braujo · 62 points · 1 wk  
Who's that gay little dude? I fuck with him heavily



silentthevoice

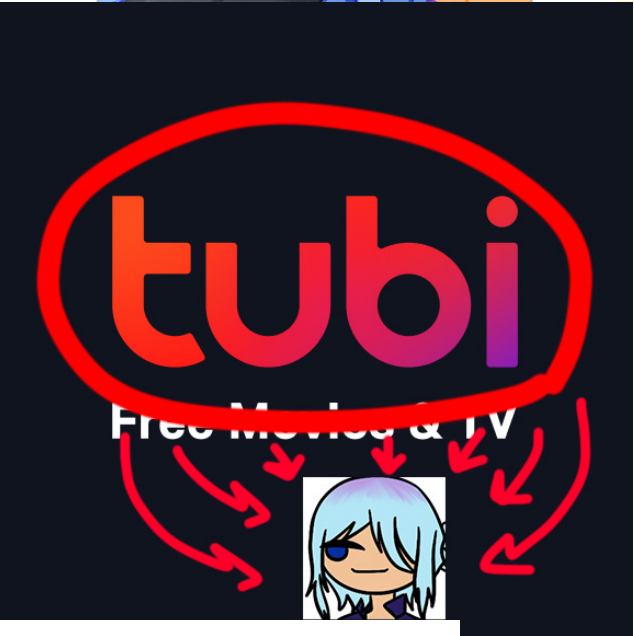
**\*nudges boyfriend at 3 AM\*** pretty fucked up that we depict the moon as a girl and the sun as a boy. they're just floating rocks in space. jyuto? wake up jyuto. listen. they're sexless.

nfornihilism

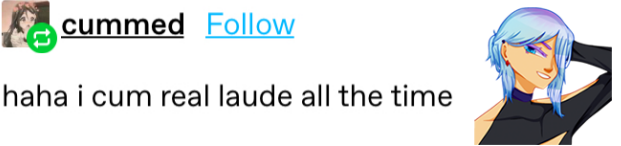
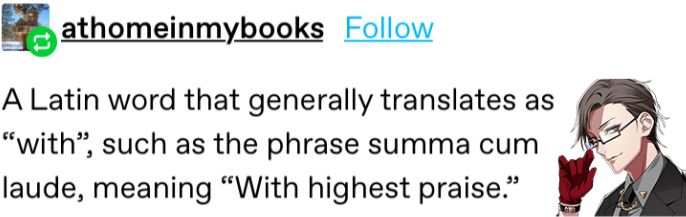
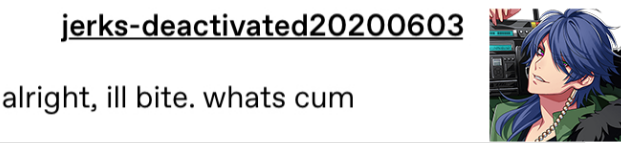
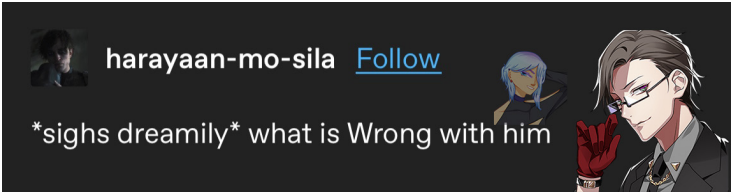
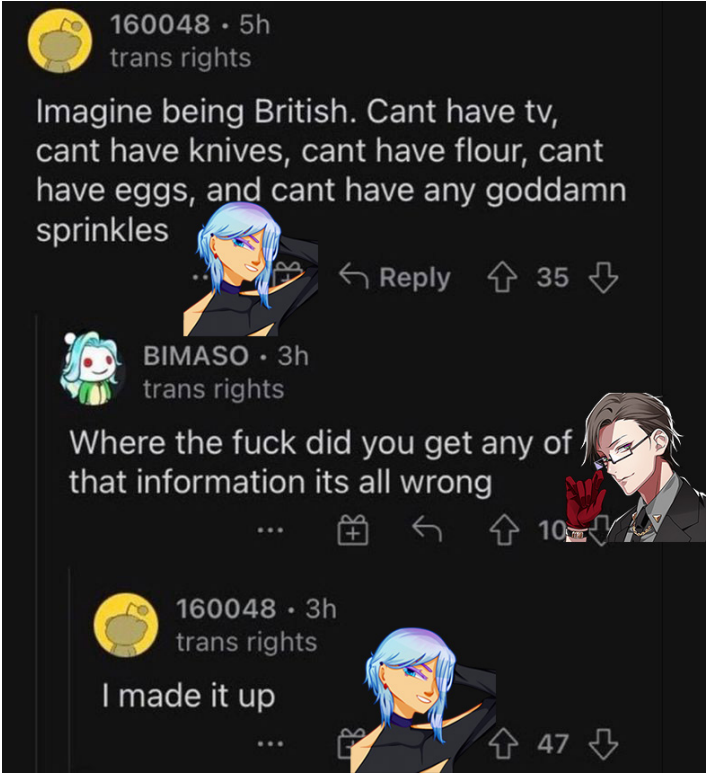
the sun isnt a rock go back to sleep

'Describing My Favorite Characters' Alignment Chart  
"Yes he is \_\_\_ but he's \_\_\_"

	A dumb bitch	An asshole	Annoying as shit
Doing his best			
Getting better			
Having a hard time rn			







# december darling

by Leo Zhang

Jyuto woke up with Tsuyuki wrapped in his arms. That was already making him warm, and he was only made warmer by Tsuyuki opening his eyes to reveal bright blue gems, and smiling at him with the brightness of a thousand suns.

“Morning, bunny-chan,” Tsuyuki whispered, nuzzling the tip of his nose against Jyuto’s.

“Good morning,” Jyuto replied in a murmur, pulling Tsuyuki closer. “Your breath stinks.”

“Yours does too.” Tsuyuki stuck out his tongue in faux offense. “Too bad. I don’t feel like getting up right now, so you have to deal with it.”

“Oh no,” Jyuto monotoned, burying his face into Tsuyuki’s neck and making a point of being as droll and sarcastic with his tone as possible. “Whatever shall I do? Tsuyuki won’t get out of bed. What a tragedy.”

Tsuyuki shoved him, though Jyuto could hear the titters of quiet giggles leaving him, too. “God, you’re annoying. And so clingy! I never thought you to be the clingy type, Iruma.”

“It’s cold,” Jyuto said simply, as if that was in any way a proper response to Tsuyuki’s accusation. Tsuyuki didn’t seem to care, though, only humming softly and running his fingers through Jyuto’s messy hair, offering a quiet, “It sure is.”

Jyuto wasn’t sure how much longer they stayed in bed, holding each other close and running feather-light touches over skin in blissful silence. He could have fallen asleep again, for all he knew. But eventually, the ever-fidgety Tsuyuki needed to move, despite Jyuto’s halfhearted protests. Already out of bed and leaning over Jyuto, his thumb stroked Jyuto’s cheek and he said, “You know I’d stay in bed with you forever if I could, but I need to stretch my legs, okay?” Well, if Tsuyuki wasn’t going to stay in bed, then Jyuto had no reason to do so either, so he swung his legs off the mattress at the same time that Tsuyuki pushed open the curtains of the bedroom window. Jyuto then heard the man gasp so loudly it sounded like his lungs could have flipped themselves inside out, but he wasn’t especially concerned until Tsuyuki started calling his name.

“Jyuto, Jyuto! Look!” When Jyuto looked over his shoulder, he saw Tsuyuki was bouncing, nearly jumping clean off the floor as he pointed out the window of Jyuto’s bedroom. Jyuto, still only barely awake, blinked wearily in Tsuyuki’s direction. “It’s snowing!”

Jyuto blinked again, slower this time. “...Yeah?”

The grin on Tsuyuki’s face made Jyuto slightly uneasy. “Sooo... You know what that means, right?”

They stared at each other for a few seconds before Jyuto’s face twisted in realization. “Oh no. You’re not getting me in the snow before we’ve even eaten breakfast.”

“Oh, come on! The first snow of the season on our day off—it’s like God wanted us to go out in the snow!” He was pulling at Jyuto’s hand, stubbornly hauling him up from where he had been perched on the edge of the mattress, and Jyuto called him all sorts of names under his breath. “We don’t have to be out for long, okay? But let’s take advantage of the snow while it’s here!” With his best big, pleading eyes, he tacked on a final, “Please?”

Jyuto clicked his tongue, brows furrowed in clear annoyance. “What are you, a grade schooler?”

“What’s wrong with being a little kidlike sometimes?” Tsuyuki laid his hands flat on Jyuto’s chest now, pressing up against him, making him unbearably hot despite the frigidity of his apartment. “Come on, please? Just a few minutes. Please? Pleeaaaase?”

The thing was, Jyuto knew he was fucked. He was absolutely fucked the second Tsuyuki had noticed the snow, because he knew that Tsuyuki wouldn’t give up until they were both wet and freezing

outside, and he knew that despite all his insistence otherwise, he was embarrassingly weak to Tsuyuki’s eyes. Maybe it was a sort of denial phase that kept him resisting Tsuyuki’s efforts as long as he did (not that long at all). Whatever it was, it didn’t matter, because all roads lead to Rome, and Jyuto’s Rome was him sighing and acquiescing with *great* reluctance. Try as he might, he really couldn’t stay mad when Tsuyuki cheered with joy more genuine and true than he had ever seen.

Which was how he found himself standing outside in his thick coat before the clock had even hit 10 AM. The area of the park they were in was relatively devoid of people, so Tsuyuki could easily run and spin around without fear of hitting someone in the face. Jyuto was entirely content on just watching—he really hated the feeling of snow getting in his boots—but Tsuyuki ran up to him and grabbed his hand with a smile, and he knew he was, once again, fucked.

“Jyuto,” he said in a voice so sweet that Jyuto had to swallow, as if he’d just drank sugar water, “come play with me.”

“You are truly juvenile,” Jyuto scoffed.

“Don’t care.” He was already pulling Jyuto into an area of untouched snow. “Come on, smile a little! It’s snowing, Jyuto!”

“I can see the snow very well, thank you.”

Tsuyuki laughed airily and let go of Jyuto’s hand to run forward and spin around, snow flying all around him and framing his beaming face. Jyuto unwittingly let out a tense breath, feeling his heart constrict, because he could vaguely acknowledge that Tsuyuki was maybe the most beautiful person he’d ever seen. And Tsuyuki, that idiot, he had absolutely no idea. He had *no idea* how mesmerizing he was, how even his winter-kissed nose and his ice-cold fingers and the snowflakes crusting on his eyelashes were so unbearably gorgeous. And Jyuto wanted to keep it that way, because he would probably die of humiliation if Tsuyuki ever found out. In the meantime, he was fine just watching, experiencing Tsuyuki Asano.

“Heads up!”

Jyuto, having zoned out for a bit, looked Tsuyuki’s way just in time for a snowball to find home directly in his nose.

“Oh shit—” Tsuyuki broke into giggles as Jyuto righted himself, swiped the snow off his face and his glasses. “You okay? I didn’t mean to hit you in the face, sorry! It *was* really funny, though!”

Jyuto glared at him. Liar. He totally meant to hit him in the face. Without a word, he held Tsuyuki’s gaze as he leaned down to curl his fingers around a handful of snow. He saw Tsuyuki’s eyes widen as he slowly, methodically molded the snow into a tight clump, and for the first time this morning, Jyuto smiled. It was a devious thing, full of malintent, but Tsuyuki smiled back, bouncing on his toes, already preparing his escape.

Jyuto wound his arm. Tsuyuki started backing away, once again consumed by quiet giggles. And then—“Take this, asshole!”—Jyuto flung the snowball as hard as he could in Tsuyuki’s direction. It hit him in the chest, and started a snowball war.

Jyuto never really considered himself a playful guy. Frankly, he found a lot of ‘playful’ things rather immature and annoying. He had better things to spend his precious time on—but somehow, engaging in this stupid snowball fight with Tsuyuki, he forgot about all of those better things. On the forefront of his mind was the need to pummel the shit out of Tsuyuki with snowballs. And somehow, he found himself smiling and laughing as if it was natural, as if his heart was ten times lighter, as if he had nothing else to worry about. An absolutely foreign feeling, but not unwelcome. He smiled every time one of his projectiles hit their target; he laughed whenever Tsuyuki dramatically swore revenge. But there was no more malice in his mirth, only freedom, the kind of freedom that loosened his shoulders and made the cold in his gloves easier to ignore.

And when Tsuyuki abandoned the fight to sprint and jump at Jyuto instead, Jyuto only laughed again, even as he was knocked to the ground and he felt snow creep into the collar of his coat. Tsuyuki lifted his head to laugh, too, his arms caging Jyuto on the ground, and with the sun shining from behind Tsuyuki, Jyuto thought he looked rather like an angel.

Eyes narrowed into happy moons, Tsuyuki said, “Hey, Jyuto.”

“Yes?”

“I’m cold. Let’s go home.”

---

Now back in clean, comfortable, warm clothes, Jyuto stood next to Tsuyuki in the kitchen, hands deftly preparing two mugs of coffee as Tsuyuki made breakfast. A contented smile still balanced on his lips, kept afloat by Tsuyuki’s quiet but perfectly on-pitch humming, which only occasionally broke the surface of the sound of the radio. Their hands brushed when they moved, and Jyuto felt tiny sparks dancing up his arm every time; he’d hoped that Tsuyuki wouldn’t notice the way he shivered when it happened, but that hope was shattered when Tsuyuki paused his humming to ask, “You cold?”

Jyuto shook his head, slightly embarrassed. “No, I’m fine.”

Tsuyuki frowned and dropped the bread knife he’d been holding in order to take Jyuto’s hands into his own. Jyuto jolted slightly, just slightly, a stone forming behind his tongue as Tsuyuki brushed his thumbs over the cool skin. “Liar,” Tsuyuki chided quietly. “Your hands are freezing. Must be because you haven’t eaten anything yet.”

“Remind me again whose fault that was,” Jyuto retorted, but he cut off his last breath with a silent gasp when Tsuyuki brought his hands to his lips. He kissed Jyuto’s fingers gently, so gently Jyuto could barely feel it, and when he looked up, his eyes were so innocent and affectionate that Jyuto didn’t know what to do with himself.

“Is that a little better?” Tsuyuki asked, giving Jyuto’s hands a squeeze. Jyuto nodded with a rough swallow, and at that moment, the coffee machine sang the completion of its task. It gave both men a start, but it also gave Jyuto an excuse to pull his hands away, to hide his face from Tsuyuki’s view. He felt like a child, like a stupid teenager who’d never had a boyfriend before, being handed a rose for the first time or something. It would have been refreshing, if it wasn’t so embarrassing.

Ten minutes later, they were sitting at Jyuto’s dining table, having a light breakfast with their freshly made coffee. Tsuyuki’s laughter was nearly indistinguishable from the sunlight pouring into the room, and Jyuto couldn’t tell if it was the coffee or Tsuyuki’s smile that was making his heart beat so fast.

Half an hour after that, with newly refilled mugs of coffee in hand, they sat on Jyuto’s couch, Tsuyuki lounging in Jyuto’s hold. If, a day or two later, someone asked Jyuto what the two of them had talked about when sitting on his couch together, Jyuto wouldn’t be able to say. The conversation was secondary to the sensations—Tsuyuki’s body warm against his own, the smell of coffee wafting through the air, the thrum of Yokohama city life outside and the distinct feeling of nervousness settling in his gut that he chose to ignore. He wouldn’t be able to remember what Tsuyuki had been rambling about when their eyes met and Tsuyuki cut himself off as they both realized that their faces were far closer than they had expected. He was too focused on how Tsuyuki’s eyes hooded themselves with expectation; he wouldn’t be able to remember if Tsuyuki had said anything else besides his name. *Jyuto*. He could remember that. He could remember putting his mug on the coffee table without ever breaking eye contact, and he would definitely be able to remember the feeling of Tsuyuki’s hand cupping his cheek. Most certainly, he would remember the way Tsuyuki whispered, ‘*Come here,*’ and guided Jyuto towards him. Perhaps more than anything, Jyuto knew he would remember the way Tsuyuki kissed him, as if he



was everything he ever needed, and he would remember the taste on Tsuyuki’s lips, too, slightly sweet because he liked his coffee with a dash of milk.


Tsuyuki, arms circled around Jyuto’s neck, sighed into his mouth, “Can we stay like this forever?”

Jyuto, hands cradling Tsuyuki’s waist, replied, “That would be nice, wouldn’t it?”

Tsuyuki kissed Jyuto again, and that was enough of an answer for him. Jyuto pushed against Tsuyuki until he was laying flat on his back on the couch, and he kissed him again, his lips hot and his stomach hotter. He was vaguely aware of his brown hair falling to curtain his face as he parted from Tsuyuki’s lips to take a breath, only because Tsuyuki combed it away from his eyes with an easy, smooth motion. A swipe of the hand that felt like Tsuyuki had known Jyuto forever, knew him inside and out, as if they were one. Jyuto let his head fall until his forehead landed on Tsuyuki’s, and the warmest smile spread from his chest onto his lips. Tsuyuki giggled softly, holding Jyuto’s face in both his hands, and Jyuto felt absolutely delirious with how much he wanted him.

“Tsuyuki,” Jyuto murmured.

“Hm?”

His green eyes cracked open to meet blue ones, and in a voice dripping with infatuation, he admitted, “I think I like snow days.”

## A List of Suggested Romantic Endeavors

### *Because Hampshire College is, respectfully, too horny*

by Malfoy Kimmel

Allow me to preface this list with a few disclaimers. Firstly, this list is not a criticism of couples/situationships/whatever the fuck at Hampshire. Everyone should practice their romantic and sexual endeavors however they see fit-- that goes without saying (although I did just say it, so feel free to lock me in a room with half a dozen rabid raccoons as punishment).

Secondly, if you decide to treat this list as a bucket list, I am not responsible for whatever happens next, whether that involves the National Guard, your irate mother, the CEO of Atkins Farms, or Mr. Professor President Ed Wingenbach himself. Honestly you just deserve what’s coming. But don’t we all, in the end?

Thirdly and finally, you may say, hey Malfoy, why are you purporting yourself to be an expert on romantic relationships? Aren’t you fresh out of high school, where none of your relationships lasted more than a month, and one of your ex-boyfriends decided to be straight because of you?

And to those things I say, shush your mouth. Have some pie. Enjoy the show.

### Without Further Ado, A List of Suggested Romantic Endeavors (or, Activities and Gifts with your Partner(s) in Mind) -- A List Created by a Fella on the Asexual Spectrum Who Watches Too Many Romantic Comedies

1. **Buy them flowers.** Starting off strong with a classic. If you’re a nerd like me, don’t just get them plain ol’ roses, but look for flowers that mean things in Victorian flower language. Red carnations, for example, mean, *My heart aches for you*. And by Jove, that heart is doing some aching. I can tell by the way you stand.
2. **Take them out dancing.** Unfortunately, we do not have regency-era balls anymore, because if you take a look around, we are not living in regency-era England. But I say you can dance anywhere! A dark alley, for instance. Without music. Looking them deeply in the eyes, swaying, and never once explaining what you are trying to do. Mystery is sexy.

3. **Hang from a Ferris wheel and demand that they go on a date with you or else you’ll let go.** This one is fully a joke. I hate *The Notebook*. Ferris wheels in general are good though.
4. **Make them a playlist.** Except it’s just the entire soundtrack from *Interstellar* because Hans Zimmer fucks. And if you make your person of interest listen to the entire soundtrack from *Interstellar*, then you will, too. Intellectually speaking.
5. **Quote Ratatouille at them.** “You’re in Paris, baby! My town! You don’t eat rejectamenta in my town.” This will make people fall madly in love with you. Trust me, I’ve tried it and it worked.
6. **Take them grocery shopping.** And see how many varieties of lettuce there are. Like, actually get groceries you need. But as a side-quest, hunt for different varieties of lettuce. Maybe compete to see who can carry the most lettuce. Or eat the lettuce, don’t pay for it, and run. Munch and dash, as they say.
7. **Rank the entirety of the Dreamworks Studios filmography.** Treat this one with caution. If you both agree too much, you might actually end up having sex. Can’t have that!
8. **Send unaddressed love letters to each other’s mothers.** Why not?
9. **Steal a boat.** I know it’s hard to do this far inland, but here’s what you do: Hitchhike to Boston by hypnotizing oncoming motorists with those big, big puppy eyes of yours (aww). Head to a marina and find a boat. Turn the boat *on* by pressing the boat’s on button (I have a certificate in boating). And then just go, go, go. To Prince Edward Island, to Long Island, to the Bahamas. Wherever your lovesick heart desires.
10. **Write a poem about the color of their eyes.** To be recited to them or not. Honestly, it’d be kind of embarrassing if you did do this. Could you imagine? Jiminy Cricket, you’d have to be such a simp to do that. Wow. Couldn’t be me.
11. **Have a confessional.** No, really. Full send. Break into a Catholic church in the dead of night and have one of you sit in the little priest box and pretend to be the priest and the other person confesses their sins, and then you switch. I dunno. Could be fun. Maybe you’ll even make out beneath the watchful eye of stained-glass white Jesus. (Can you tell I watched *Fleabag* recently?)
12. **Build a car.** Learn how to build a car from an expert car maker. A carologist, if you will. Weld the metal yourselves. Grease up those axles or whatever. (I had my carologist certificate revoked.) Get sweaty with it. It’s fun to do something really difficult with someone else, especially if neither of you know what you’re doing. And if you get that thing working, take it for a spin. Drive up and down the coast and listen to Taylor Swift and remember what it felt like to be young, unburdened by responsibility. Trade the wheel when you get sleepy. Open the windows and watch their hair whip in the wind. Tangle it between your fingers. Wonder how you got here, sitting next to this gem of a person who you suspect loves you as much as you love them. Silently cry with joy.
13. **Pet a cat.** Yeah.
14. **Lay down next to them and measure them.** Like, lay down very straight next to them and massage your jaw like you’re a boa constrictor python person who’s preparing to swallow them whole. It’ll be really funny, I promise. But don’t explain the bit. If they ask what you’re doing, just say in a low voice, “hungry.” Maybe hiss a bit.
15. **Run.** Take them by the hand and run headlong screaming together into the woods. Hampshire woods are great for this. Just sprint over root and soil and yell as loud as you possibly can. Draw attention to yourself. Maybe wear some meat, for fun. And if you see a furry black shape, walk very boldly towards it.

If you’ve made it this far, congrats. You’ve reached the end. Pat yourself on the back; have some more pie. And the next time you feel that familiar itch in your loins to reproduce, stop and think: what other ways can you spice up your relationship? Look no further than Malfoy’s List of Suggested Romantic Endeavors.



catholic guilt  
by willow watson

growing up, i never saw anything unusual about being catholic. church was just a part of life that i inherited from my parents, & ccd was just another afterschool activity, like soccer or cub scouts. i never had real objections to going - my congregation didn't focus on fire & brimstone, & while i questioned & doubted many of the teachings & readings that were part of my religion, i never got the sense that it was inherently restrictive or harmful. at the same time, it never meant much to me, & i mostly just saw it as an obligation that had very little to do with me, & much more to do with my family.

after all, catholicism was one of my strongest ties to both my dad's extended italian-american family & my mom's irish immigrant parents. my grandparents on both sides were very much catholic, going to mass every sunday, sending their children to catholic schools, & of course expecting their grandchildren to be raised catholic as well. much of the time we spent with them was either for religious holidays or regular church services (along with the occasional first communion or confirmation), & it often felt to me like we mostly held onto the traditions for their sake. while i didn't mind being part of the church or spending time with my grandparents, i didn't really associate with catholicism myself, & i always thought that once i was on my own i would probably move past it.

so it was strange to come to college & realize how much i've held onto from my religious upbringing. there's a lot of simple stuff - words like "eucharist" & "tabernacle" that my friends don't recognize, or my difficulty in understanding how a religion can exist without an authority like the pope to guide it. there are also plenty of beliefs that i had assumed to be generally christian, like the idea of transubstantiation, which i am still surprised to find are unique to catholicism. even the sign of the cross isn't as universal as i had believed! it's not at all that any of this makes me feel like an outsider; it's just that it's really weird to me that these ideas & practices are so deeply ingrained in me when i never expected that to be the case. if they don't mean anything to me, i shouldn't have difficulty with the fact that i won't be getting ashes on ash wednesday, & i shouldn't feel the need to give something up for lent. still, i don't want to let go of religion, & i find myself missing stained glass, organs, choirs, & high ceilings in ways i could not have predicted.

it's taken me a while to recognize, but funny enough i think it's guilt that i'm feeling. it hasn't been obvious to me, because i don't believe in god any more than i did as a child, & it's not that i think anyone is judging me for not going to mass. it's just that in many ways i owe my sense of morality to the church, & no matter what i believe about god i feel the need to behave as if someone were watching, as if someone were judging me every time i fail to meet my own standards. whether it means anything to me or not, catholicism is something i used to hold myself to - an obligation to my family, to the idea of a god, & maybe even to myself - & right now i just can't let go of the feeling that my neglecting it is some sort of moral shortcoming. i don't really know what it means for me to have guilt over something i don't really think is wrong, but no matter what i think it shows that i am deeply catholic, far more than i ever believed, & whether that is good or bad i am glad that i can finally appreciate it.

(as a side note, i did not originally intend to write about this for the cringe issue, but i thought it was too good a bit to pass up!) 🐼

Reducing East Asian Culture into an Aesthetic:  
The Dangers of Non-Authentic Representation as  
a Force for Marketing  
by Jacqueline-Delphine Laffitte

Madonna is arguably the most imperative woman in the music industry. She created the blueprint model for how female artists could capitalize on their music. She is deemed a progressive icon and has made strides to make the world more equitable. In retrospect, regarding her discography, it is apparent that she was at the right place at the right time. Madonna has a limited vocal range (tends to sing out of tune during live performances) and was not involved with the music content she recorded until later in her career. What Madonna was proficient at was dancing because she studied dance in her post-secondary education. The marketing Madonna was contingent on music videos of her choreography, which she often created herself. This proved no exception during the release of *Ray of Light*, arguably the most vital work in her discography. After the success of "Vogue," and the heavy use of cultural appropriation of ballroom culture to market her fifth album *Erotica*, surely it will be of good intent to repackage that business model and staple it after each new reinvention.

The lyrical content of *Ray of Light* focused on Madonna's recent spiritual enlightenment and motherhood. The music was co-produced by William Orbit, who at the time was not known by the mainstream public. The album was the first time in years that Madonna did not play it safe and utilized an unpopular genre, and it was a risk worth taking because it became commercially successful. So what is the area of concern if the musical and lyrical content was Madonna being serious for once in her career? The area that needs attention is how Madonna capitalized off of the music, and that is through marketing. The marketing included photos of Madonna depicting Madonna as an "Indian Goddess," or a very peculiar Geisha. The music videos that accompanied the singles provided the mainstream with one of the first glimpses of Asian culture that was not satirizing. The only representation of Asians in mainstream media was in films or television appearances that were depicted in a derogatory and racist manner. For needed context at this point in 1998-1999, the only mainstream representation of Asian culture distributed to a western audience ranges from Mr. Yunioshi from *Breakfast at Tiffany's* portrayed by the white actor Mickey Rooney, and Madonna doing an offbeat dance with a garment that looks more like a baggy raincoat than a kimono. The choreography depicted in the music video, "Nothing Really Matters," feeds into the western colonialist perception of Japanese culture by reducing it to an aesthetic;

Ethics Really Matters

Light appears in a dark space, Madonna is dressed in a body-snatching black Kimono with no nanjuban underneath, the sleeves do not resemble the correct structure and have the texture and sheen of a trash bag. Her face has an application of white foundation with red color applied as a stripe across her eyes. Geisha traditionally have a makeup pallet of red, white, and black. The red is used on the lips and the corner of the eyes as eyeshadow. Black is applied as eyeliner and on the teeth traditionally. It is apparent Madonna is attempting to impersonate a Geisha. Was she trying to express an Artistic approach, something ethereal? What was she thinking when she was holding a transparent bag of water, with very incorrectly applied makeup if she was impersonating the essence of a Geisha? What was she thinking at all? What was Jean-Paul Gautier thinking when designing what is considered an iconic ensemble but in reality looks like a polyester raincoat instead of kimono? The music video for "Nothing Really Matters,"

only has brief shots of authenticity, but in an incorrect context. There were brief shots of who were perhaps Butoh dancers in the background. Considering that they were dressed all in white, the applied makeup was white, and the experimental ‘unconventional’ movement they performed it is possible to come to the conclusion they were Butoh dancers. According to Sandra Horton Fraleigh’s research as depicted in her book, *Butoh, Metamorphic Dance and Alchemy*, the form of Butoh was conceived as a form of anti-western colonization.

“Not forgetting where he came from, Hijikata wanted to rescue the Japanese body from colonization after the war. He sought to rescue his Japanese identity from Western effacement. In this, he overcame his training in German Expressionist dance, even as he used the creative opening it provided and courted European surrealist tactics. Now in the new century, butoh dancers wage a battle against lethargy, tending to the human body and the ecological body, exhuming what Hijikata famously calls “the body that has not been robbed.” (Fraleigh 4)

Comparing Fraleigh’s findings to Madonna’s music video further demonstrates the appropriative qualities of Madonna’s music video. Tatsumi Hijikata the founder of Butoh, choreographed the form based on memories he had deriving from his childhood in Northern Japan. The premise of Butoh was to be strictly not influenced by western culture. Therefore the context in which Butoh performers appeared in “Nothing Really Matters,” was counterintuitive to the reason why Butoh exists. Madonna may have included the Butoh dancers in the video to express the Buddhist undertones in the lyrical content.

There are counter-arguments to the effect of “taking inspiration from another culture is appreciation not appropriation,” or “Just because someone is white it shouldn’t be wrong to wear Kimono”. The rebuttal of these claims is bold and simple. The issue is not a white person wearing a Kimono, the issue is that Madonna is wearing it incorrectly, and more importantly, profiting by marketing another culture merely as an aesthetic while people who are Asian are given very little representation in the music industry. It is okay for an American to wear a Kimono, and nothing is morally wrong with appreciating another culture. Recontextualizing aspects and canons of a culture so that it can fit a Western narrative is appropriation, and further perpetuates Western Colonization in an ideological sense. Virinder S. Karla and John Hutnyk explore the disparity between Asians and the mainstream media in “Brimful of Agitation, Authenticity, and Appropriation: Madonna’s “Asian Cool”. They explore a more underlying issue than just the face value of cultural appropriation, but the beneficiaries of it.

“The point here is to establish the basis for arguing that cultural appropriations such as those by Kula Shaker and Madonna are problematic not because the artists are white, nor that they are appropriating ‘othered’ cultural forms. Rather, the fact is that on the back of support by multinational musical industry cash, they do the ideological work for a systematically extractive project. In terms of the space they occupy, rather than challenge or disrupt orientalist images, they seek to promote and enhance the notion of the oriental other and the resultant effects of IMF programmes, workplace exploitations, racist stereotype and violent attack.” (Karla and Hutnyk 348)

The source of the issue is well-documented. According to Karla and Hutnyk’s text, Madonna fails to address “orientalist images,” but persists in using them to market herself despite having significant influence. Perhaps it would have been more prudent to challenge systemic colonialism in the making instead of promoting it to an audience of millions. “Oriental,” is an adjective used to describe a characteristic of East Asia, typically relating to imagery. The context of its use to rationalize

a western perception of East Asia causes the characteristics to be viewed as something aesthetic instead of transcending value. The term is used as a noun it is a racial slur. Fouz-Hernandez and Jarman-Ivens document the cultural phenomena of Madonna’s releases in *Madonna Drowned Worlds*, instead of taking a critical approach to analyzing “Nothing Really Matters,” they had a neutral stance. However, there was also a consensus on marketability.

“This schism in Madonna’s video identity, I believe, argues less for an associating with an ‘authentic’ Japanese woman than it draws attention to consumers’ own desires to recognize in the spectacular images of world media culture a reference back to familiar identity formations...” (Hernandez and Ivens 114)

The author concluded that perhaps the audience could see part of themselves reflected in the video due to intersectionality. This marketing tactic would make sense in the context of the video, but it is very problematic. The issue with people studying or observing aspects of other cultures is that hyperindividualism a product of capitalism and colonist ideology results in the person studying to make a comparison to their life. Those comparisons are often irrelevant and reductive to the other culture.

The root of the issue was the source material Madonna took inspiration from. Authur Golden’s *Memoirs of a Geisha* despite being an evocative, descriptive, and emotive piece of literature perpetuated the incorrect narrative of what a Geisha is. Mineko Iwasaka one of the geisha interviewed for the novel was promised non-disclosure, but Authur Golden used her surname effectively ruining her reputation. Imagine a person being promised to have an identity kept secret, just for millions of readers to learn that person’s virginity was sold to the highest bidder. Worse of all this may have not at all been the case. Despite “Mizuage,” being a practice for oiran there is a discourse of whether it practice that Maiko’s participated in. The book perpetuated the idea that Geishas were prostitutes. Madonna was inspired by the antagonist Hatsumomo. Hatsumomo was verbally and emotionally abusive to Sayuri, so it is difficult to understand why Madonna would take inspiration from such an intolerant person. It reflects Hernandez and Ivens’s analysis, she related to Hatsumomo because she was familiar with her identity- an intolerable person apparently. Madonna is proficient at multiple art mediums, she is a proficient dancer, is visually intuitive, has a pretty voice with mediocre technique, etc. She probably thought of herself as a Geisha and reflected that in the dance performance in the video. That train of thought is in itself very reductive and doesn’t acknowledge what it is to be a Geisha. Authur Golden has written a controversial book that was accompanied by more concerning adaptations or realizations of the narrative. Who would have thought that a book written by a white man would be woefully inaccurate in the depiction of Geisha, still perpetuating the prostitution myth, but still managing to sell millions of copies?

Conclusion

Madonna wanted to express her thoughts of motherhood in correlation to beliefs in Buddhism in her song “Nothing Really Matters”, and attempted to do that visually. Though it made a visually stunning video, Madonna’s direction lacked accountability. The music video incorrectly depicted aspects of Japanese culture in favor of marketing interests. The choreography Madonna performs blatantly juxtaposes what the Butoh dancers are doing making it nonsensical and irrelevant to the point she is attempting to make. Instead of using her influence to bring a representation of East Asian culture authentically to the mainstream, she favors western sensationalism over authenticity resulting in a culturally appropriative project that further perpetuates western colonist ideology.



Personal Notes

This paper was very personal to me because my middle name is Sayuri. I named it after the protagonist in *Memoirs of a Geisha*. I am still not aware if I would have chose a different one had I more aware of the ethics behind it. Personally I think the name is really befitting of who I am as a person. I was never compared myself to Geisha, but I used to owned a collection of Kimonos. I still listen and resonate with the themes of *Ray of Light*. This paper was really to critique myself and where I stand with my influences as an artist.

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# Toop Ten Reasoons I Shoould Be A Sea Slug..

by María Baxter

Greetings everysluggie!! Sluggies of the GOOmen behoold... This idea was revealed to me in a dream: my owon ten commandments. And nowo, upon the divine impulse of the Glub, I am spreading this goospel to y’all. Praying emoji.

- 1) I am just.. so sea slug pilled.... the gooiest gal ever.....
- 2) My pretty hair owould make such awesome sawesome rhinophores!! Gooeousness yet unseen in this woorld...
- 3) Glub blub glubba blululub bluglu goo glub!! Glululub goo gloopy bloop-blub glubba glub goo... Bluby gluppa goo-goop gloob glub glubba dub dub! Glulub glubby gloop. Blub glulululubby blooby doobly gloo. Glu-goo!!
- 4) I gluv to wear skirts and sea slugs have adorable lil skirts!! The lil wiggly bits around them... I owould rock that look... fr...
- 5) Goop.
- 6) My hair owould alsoo make for glubtastic cerata!!
- 7) I gluv biting and gnawing on things... I coould get soo much awesome stuffs all up in my cnidoosacs!!
- 8) I collect mugs, and who owouldn’t wanna see an adorable slug in a mug!!!! It even rhymes... that’s howo you knowo it’s goo..
- 9) Glub glubby blub blub gloopy! Goo glululub glub blub goopy goo bloop.. Gloop! Blubby blub glubs glubba glub. Gooey gloops!! Glub blubba glub blululu glululu blug!
- 10)I coould be the queen of slime, the queen of filth, the queen of putrescence!!
- 11) Cuddling with other sea slugs or fellowo gooey guys... it owould be so cozy...





# SECTION

# BASED

## Teddy’s Two Anecdotes about Hugs and Titles

by Teddy Stahl

### Titles

The title is always the last thing I write when I’m doing a project. When I would make a title to a project as the first step, it felt like I was boxing myself in. When I’m done with a project, I have to think of a name that represents what I’ve made. As a result, I’m pretty proud of my ability to make titles. For that reason though, doing powerpoint presentations for classes during middle school to high school weren’t that fun for me.

### Hugs

I’ve never kissed someone before but I’m okay with that. A while ago my mom said I kissed someone when I was back in the 2nd grade but I don’t remember it so I’m going to assume she was gaslighting me (That’s a joke mom I love you). I really like hugs though. Hugs are something I’ve been doing my whole life. If you think about it, a hug is a gift. Somebody wanted to share their warmth with you. When I think of hugs I think of sweaters. Prolly because sweaters are warm and it’s like your clothes are giving you a hug. 🤗

## the most based event of the year: HampHack

by Jack Merrill

Yo, Hampshire peeps! Get ready for the most based event on campus - HampHack, happening from April 21st to April 23rd at Franklin Patterson Hall! This interdisciplinary hackathon is gonna be straight fire, and you don’t even need any experience or coding skills to join in on the fun! That’s right, whether you’re a coding whiz or an absolute beginner, this event is for you!

This ain’t your average hackathon, fam. HampHack is all about the STEAM life - Science, Technology, Engineering, Art, and Mathematics. You’ll be teaming up with other based individuals, brainstorming and creating prototypes that could even turn into big projects or startups! Imagine the bragging rights when you tell your friends about the sick project you created!

But that’s not all - we’ve got some dope workshops lined up for you. Wanna make your first website? We gotchu. Interested in Arduino? We’re on it. Curious about the connection between cosplay and tech? Say no more. Want an intro to Docker? It’s happening, chief. These workshops are the perfect chance for you to level up your skills and flex your creative muscles.

And let’s not forget the free food and prizes! We’ll keep you fed and hyped while you’re out there doing big brain things and making connections with other based students and mentors. Who doesn’t love some good grub while they’re working on their next big idea?

Oh, and did we mention networking? HampHack is the perfect opportunity to connect with some like-minded peeps and industry professionals. You never know - the person you collaborate with could be your future business partner or the key to your next big opportunity!

Ready to join the most based event of the year? Head over to <https://hamphack.hampshire.edu> to register and secure your spot! So, if you’re ready to show off your skills, learn some new ones, and have a lit time, come join us at HampHack from April 21st to April 23rd at Franklin Patterson Hall, Hampshire College! It’s gonna be the most based experience of your life, no cap! Trust us, you won’t want to miss out on this epic weekend of creativity, innovation, and all-around awesomeness. Register now and let’s get this party started!

*This post was written by AI because I was lazy I wanted to see what it could make <3 🤖*



# I am not “cringe”. Boycott Spotify.

by Jess Lin Jiménez

I would just like everyone to know that I’m not that cringe actually.

I’ve debated submitting anything to this issue. I have supreme taste in all things but I recognize that society and humanity at large lags behind my refinement to an immeasurable, tragic degree. As a result I had worries like - what if my future employers or adversaries dig up the 2023 Cringe Issue and I don’t get the job or lose the election because I’m too spicy? What if they launch a smear campaign against me fueled entirely by Bungo Stray Dogs?

Currently, it’s 5:27 AM on Wednesday, March 22nd, 2023. A little over twenty minutes ago, I made a historically significant, sleep-inhibiting discovery. I’ll get to the point: Recently, Spotify has decided that all vocaloid songs fall under the “Anime Rock” genre.

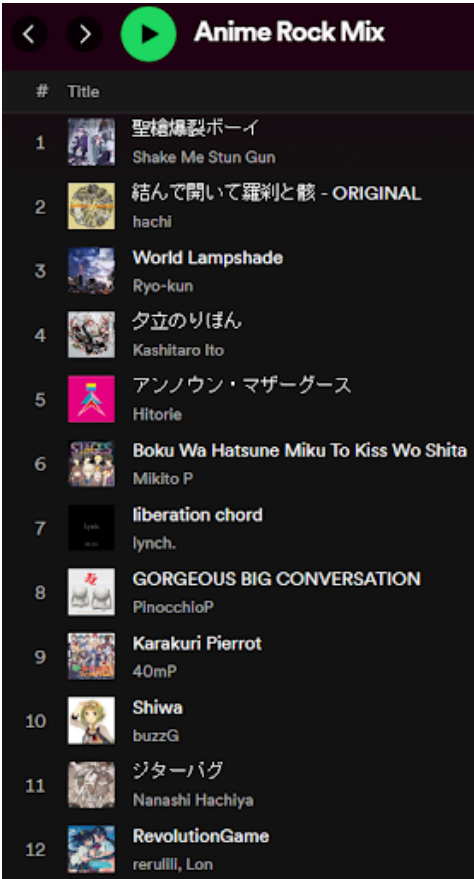
Its users all know that Spotify is untrustworthy when it comes to classification and statistics of any kind. Just the other day I went down a rabbit hole about how the “Your Top Most Listened To Songs/Artists” are determined by an undisclosed mish-mash of data points that most likely isn’t well aligned with how anyone would define it for themselves. If you’ve ever looked at your Spotify Wrapped, you know. (If you’ve used the internet in the last decade, you know. Carefully obscured algorithms that curate people’s tastes/design how people spend their time is how we do it in the 21st Century.)

Even with all that, this new development is particularly outrageous. I cannot let this pass or go unnoticed. Nothing about this is acceptable.

Two or three weeks ago I was asked by a friend to visit Spotify-top.com and share my top listened to songs/artists/genre. I went to the Genre section and was horrified, disgusted, heartbroken, furious, and totally disoriented. I had no idea where I was, who I was, or what could have possibly been the cause of this grand cruelty. WHY IS “ANIME ROCK” MY TOP LISTENED TO GENRE OF ALL TIME??? HOW ON EARTH DID VOCALOID DROP TO NUMBER TWO??? And yes I knew, because of course, that Spotify was considering a lot of non- “anime rock” to be “anime rock” (a classification whose very existence is questionable at best). Even then, there should have been no way for it have to overtaken vocaloid... certainly not for my TOP LISTENED TO GENRE OF ALL TIME????

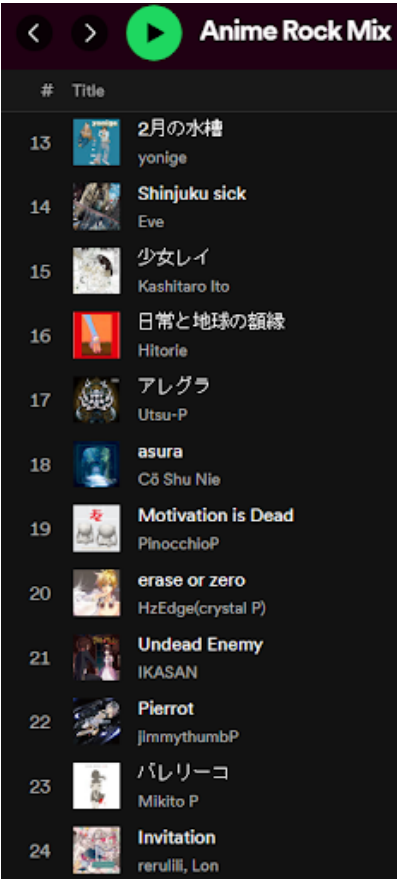
Two or so weeks passed and this morning I just had to do it. I was aghast. I was agog. I had to know. I had to see it. I typed it in, the string of words I had cowered from for I knew I would be crossing a serious line: “Anime Rock Mix”. And there it was - the disgusting, algorithm-generated piece of trash. It was filled almost entirely with regular, non-anime vocaloid songs. How undelightful. Notably, NONE of the tracks were from an anime (at least from the understanding of my now no sleep 6AM brain) and many were not rock.

So just know... when Spotify Wrapped 2023 comes out, I am not that cringe actually.



- 1. Vocaloid
- 2. Vocaloid
- 3. Vocaloid
- 4. Vocaloid
- 5. Vocaloid
- 6. Vocaloid
- 7. Non anime/voca
- 8. Vocaloid
- 9. Vocaloid
- 10. Vocaloid
- 11. Vocaloid
- 12. Vocaloid

- 13. Non anime/voca
- 14. Vocaloid
- 15. Vocaloid
- 16. Vocaloid
- 17. Vocaloid
- 18. Non anime/voca
- 19. Vocaloid
- 20. Vocaloid
- 21. Vocaloid
- 22. Vocaloid
- 23. Vocaloid
- 24. Vocaloid



Disclaimer: I don’t think you’re cringey if you listen to Anime Rock enough for it to be your most listened to genre. I do think you suck if you don’t listen to vocaloid though. Also I do not condone the use of “cringe” as an adjective. If everyone were to use “cringey” instead, society would not have such problems. 🐕

# SECTION LIES

## Excerpts from the diary of Lucas Brisbois by Lucas Brisbois

2/21/23

Made a new friend today. I was trawling about the Thornton Quad; croissant bits blowing in the wind when I was approached by a rather interesting young man. He had an upturned and backwards hat, pants playing the part of a cape across his shoulders, and a piping hot drink from The Kern to boot. His skin was green and his teeth were a delicious shade of yellow. He smiled as he spoke. He introduced himself as “Alex” so I knew almost instantly that he was a student here. Upon my asking about where he came from his response went as follows,

“Many were too late. Great fire plagued my home. Nothing but desolation awaits me upon my return”

I drew from this the most simple of conclusions. Alex must have lived in Dakin.

2/22/23

Vi stole me for another adventure today. They saw me outside FPH and decided they needed the extra brain and muscle power to grab groceries for Cooking Club. It was breakfast for dinner so breakfast we would get.

After maneuvering Massachusetts hottest commodity, the rotary, twice we were faced with the quaint country market of Atkins. We deftly avoided the rush of older gentlemen grasping for black garlic. Heaven knows how special their SAC is to them. Making a break for the second hottest commodity of Massachusetts. The both of us were now facing down a fridge full of dairy. The object of our desire? Cream.

But, not just any cream would do. Light was out of the question. Only madmen used half and half. Us distinguished folk had to get heavy cream. Lots of it. Therein lay the problem. They had half gallons of much of the other. We did not want the other. Only one would do.

As we pondered this most precocious predicament a phunny thing happened. Even though I swore we were the only people at the corner of the store when we approached it there was suddenly a figure hunched in my periphery. In the fridge immediately to my left there was a green hand groping for some cottage cheese. I couldn’t believe it, but Alex had decided to do a grocery run the same time as us.

He scooped two out of the three long fingers on his hand deep into the container when he seemed to notice me as well. Our eyes met as he shoveled an impressive amount of the stuff into his circular maw. Straightening himself out and standing abnormally straight we exchanged greetings.

We walked around for a good while talking about life, cheese, and digestive tracts. By the time we got to the cashier my newfound friend was asking us about our ‘leader’. Seeing as I am primarily a free man it seemed to me that I was my own leader. I told him so. I also told him that if anyone were to be seen as my leader it would probably be my boss. Better yet I suggested that higher up than John would be the president himself Ed Wingenbach. Who was just seen while we were exiting FPH. If Alex were wanting to speak to our leader he would have to rush to catch him.

Dropping his curdled milk munchies upon the Atkins floor the lanky green fellow flew through the exiting door. Vi and I stood nonplussed as the rest of our items got rung up.

2/23/23

Was too tired to change out of pajamas today. Ended up going to The Shire in an already sauce stained shirt. To no one’s surprise I also let sauce from Sibies vegan pepperoni pizza fall atop the building mass of red on it. Maybe someday will build sauce empire. Look into later.

Alex keeps appearing where I am. I was speaking with Sean when his eyes lit up and watched a tall being enter the room.

“Greetings stranger! Would you like some pizza, actually?”

Alex was posing in the doorway dressed to the nines. He upgraded his pants from their capelike status and affixed them to his thin sticks keeping him up. A belt snaked around his thin waist. A blue undershirt with a frog tie sagged over his uniform body. He held one hand on the outside perimeter of his black suit jacket. Smiling an awfully wonderful smile.

“Why yes, humanoid, I would enjoy a slice of what you colloquially refer to as the ‘za”

My green skinned friend sat down next to me as the next move was being planned in 5D Chess. I asked him about the apparel and he said it was all due to the words of a wise man he once heard. That he was to dress for the job he wanted, not the one he had. I looked down at my pajama pants littered with sesame street characters and my thrice worn t-shirt and just had to agree with him.

2/24/23

Didn’t feel like doing much today. Stayed inside mostly and went to class. Going to order some food and watch videos about kittens looking at birds. Such is the tortured life of the artist.

2/25/23

Went to go to the bathroom in the middle of the night last night and I thought it would have been empty as all the stalls were wide open but when my taco bell tortured self went to expel my demons I heard a separate stranger noise. Being a little preoccupied I did not think much of it in the moment.

When I was done a quarter of the clock had fallen and I was all out of sorts. Making me feel even more out of sorts was the sight before me at the sink. My bald, oval-shaped-head friend was here washing his hands beside me. He was still wearing his getup from the day before but this time his tie had a yak on it.

I told him, “Nice yak.”

He said, “I have not expelled any vomit.”

2/26/23

Apparently I am housing the green guy until further notice. There was something to do with a bout he had with his ‘podmates’. That’s what he calls his modmates in ‘pod’ fifty-one. Some people have some strange inside jokes.

I am dejected. Wrong about initial assumption. Must re-examine how I examine others. Alex was not in fact a Dakinite

We spent the day watching cheesy movies and properly microwaving popcorn. For some reason I was really in the mood for action and so we started with the Bruce Willis classic *Armageddon*. Alex didn’t really seem into it. He got all squeamish whenever Steve Buscemi was on the screen. He would mutter something about lizard eyes under his breath. Halfway through I turned it off. I had seen it before.



Being in the mood for some horror now I produced an old dvd copy of that Sigourney Weaver classic *Galaxy Quest*. This time we lasted the whole thing. I believe partially because the both of us shared an affinity for the femme fatale Tony Shalhoub

As the day began to wind down and our eyelids began to get to sagging we lay down, myself on the floor, and he on my bed. His suit jacket rustled against my sheets and we once again spoke about life, cheese, and this time carpal tunnel.

He asked me if I could have one thing in life. What would it be? I told him,  
“At this moment, probably a bigger bed. Even better would be a second bed.”

I asked him the same.

“Probably an office.”

And with that he uttered no more words and did that thing he sometimes does while he is standing. He lost consciousness with his eyes wide open.

I am also falling asleep as I am writing this. Let’s hope the floor treats me well tonight.

2/27/23

The floor has treated me rougher than John Wilkes Booth treated Abraham Lincoln’s horse sense.

Woke up to the notice of a weather advisory as well. Let us hope the storm does not make tonight any colder.

Speaking of cold. This morning when I tried to talk to Alex about the storm he got really distant. Repeating only the phrase, “I’ve gotta talk to Ed. I’ve gotta talk to Ed.” Over and over.

I told him that was fine and that he could just visit him at the Kern. His eyes turned three different shades in an instant and he put a bowler cap upon his, well, cap. Surprisingly it stayed on his now sweaty head in its upside down state. He left in a hurry. He so often does. Doesn’t he know what campus this is?

2/28/23

Alex didn’t come back last night. I assume he must have made up with his podmates. Funny thing about that phrase. It is growing on me.

The snow is absolutely piling up now. Unsure if it made me happier or not. Whimsey meter had been dithering.

Got an urgent email from the president himself while I was talking to my partner this morning. While a lot of the wording seems confusing I believe Ed does not want us to be playing in the wet flakes. I’ve transcribed the thing in its entirety below.

Hampshire community,

It was recently brought to my attention that a serious problem needs to be addressed. While talking to students within the community there was much concern over the current weather advisory.

Apparently there is a stratosphere burst above Hampshire campus due to an incoming Flogon fleet. These flogons in question are the size of a thimble and their interdimensional craft mimic that of the intricate pattern of a snowflake. On their own a Flogon ship should pose no real harm to us humanoid (and carbon based) lifeforms. It is however ill advised to try to catch a

stray snowflake on your tongue. As I have heard it described Flogons are to college students what action figure accessories are to a toddler.

I would like to host a space where all can speak their concerns about Flogon attacks and additionally for feedback on the implementation of the Boyartia Antimatter Field (BAF) during tennis matches. I will be available in The Kern tomorrow morning at 10:00 and will remain there for as long as people wish to speak with me. Or until there is a lull in Flogon activity.

Furthermore Hampshire classes will continue and life should carry on as normal. We survived 2019, we can survive a couple of Flogon flakes.

Ed Wingenbach  
Your Leader

3/1/23

I saw Ed today on my way to class. Seeing as I had quite the laundry list about the risks surrounding antimatter and its implementation in grunting sports I decided it was maybe the day I sit down across from him and God forbid have a conversation.

We had a great talk. We discussed the 2013 Antimatter Xplosion incident within the Museum of Fine Arts (MFA) . The subsequent safety measures implemented in general and on this campus in particular made me much more confident in our athletes ability to withstand that kind of pressure on the court.

On top of this I thought it wise to bring up the Flogon activity. I posited how it didn’t seem like a big threat currently but what if in the future they are replaced with a bigger more sinister enemy. At this the President decided to give me a lighthearted chuckle and a cinnamon stick of a smile.

“Things. They are not so easily replaced,”he said to me.

With this he extended a hand and I proceeded to shake it. His three digits had a solid and stern grip. He got up and proceeded to remove his suit jacket to tie the two sleeves together and drape it around his neck as if it were his Superman cape. He put his Hampshire College baseball cap upside down on top of his bald green head and left The Kern.

There must have been a lull in Flogon activity. I thought it best I got to class while I still could.





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